

The Telephone Girl

By Hyrum Clark Evans (1885-1965)

I took the old receiver and waited quite awhile,
In time a voice said, "number please." it almost made me smile.
I thought she'd left the bloomin' place, and maybe left the town,
And wrinkles gathered in my face, upon my face a frown.
I thought I'd tell her plenty now, if I could use my tongue
I felt already for a row, my nerves were all unstrung.

I washed my face and changed my clothes, and hurried down the street
Feeling that we'd come to blows if we should chance to meet.
I quickly found out where she worked, and boldly entered in.
And when I found she never shirked, I surely felt chagrin.
She got somebody on the line, then hurried o'er to me,
And with a gentle voice, a happy smile and manner pleasantry.

She then put in another call, it was a busy day,
And then came back and took the coin I had stopped in to pay.
I left that place a different guy, my feeling were more mild,
Said I, "I'll try to find out why before I get so riled,"
And now when I get on the line, and now seems kinda slow
I try to think she's doing fine or else that I don't know,
I think of times when we've been sick, in summer, spring or fall,
The way she's run to do the trick, in putting through the call.
And now at times when I get riled, and she seems kinda slow,
I just count to ten, I should of smiled, for really I don't know.